Dear diary,

What was supposed to be the best day of my life turned out to be the worst. My betrothed- Matthew- turned out to be a rotten man, he was really a cleaner not a lawyer, like he led me to believe. I fell in love with that man but he fell in love with my money, only my money, not me. Sunbeams shone down on me and my ready laid dresses, making the diamonds dance around the crystal lit room. I thought this would be a new life for me, and it certainly was, a bad one. Those beautiful robins singing, the light breeze swaying through my already brushed hair. The room was prepared with glorious food and the most stunning wedding cake.

My maid delivered a letter and my heart sank as I read the unforgettable word- “sorry”. My life shattered to smithereens, leaving me devastated. I am so foolish for believing that man;trusting him; loving him and most of all, giving him money. As I opened the letter, the sky filled with darkness, like a curse upon the world. Faces in the clouds mocked me; laughed and sucked the happiness out of my soul. Dogs barked viciously, crows shrieked, the ocean crashed against the marshes and the wind howled upon the, now, gloomy trees.

My life is over. Why I thought he could ever love me, I do not know. I am never going to change anything in my life or let another man make a fool of me. I stopped the clocks at twenty to nine ( the time my life ended ). I have shut out the world and that will never change.

With great anger,

MISS (never to be MRS) Havisham